By drunken propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mewd vp,
About a Prophelie which ſayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer ſhall be.
Dive thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with a Guard of men.*
Heere *Clarence* comes,
Brother, good daies, what meanes this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cla. His Maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what cauſe?

Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*,

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtened in the Tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He hearkens after propheſies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-row pluckes the letter G:
And ſayes a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he;
Theſe as I learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his Highneſſe to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis ſhe
That tempts him to this extreamitie:
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony Woodvile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the Tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Cla.

Cla. By heauen I thinke th
But the Queenes kindred, and
That trudge betwixt the King
Heard ye not what an humble
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for hi

Glo. Humble complayning
Got my Lord Chamberlaine h
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is
If we will keepe in fauour with
To be her men, and weare her
The iealous ore-worne widdo
Since that our brother dubd t
Are mightie goſſips in this M

Bro. I beſeech your graces
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly g
That no man ſhall haue priuat
Of what degree ſoeuer with his

Glo. Euen ſo & pleaſe your
You may partake of any thing
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his n
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire a
We ſay that *Shores* wife hath a
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a pa
And that the Queenes kindre
How ſay you ſir, can you deny

Bro. With this (my Lord) n

Glo. Naught to do with Mi
He that doth naught with her
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alo

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue,

Bro. I beſeech your Grace
Your conference with the nob

Cla. We know thy charge

Glo. We are the Queenes
Brother farewell, I will vnto th
And whatſoeuer you will impl
Were it to call King *Edwards*

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